

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXI.—No. 11. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

JAN. 28, 1906.



THE MAN IN ARMOR

Labor is discovered to be the great, the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.

CHANNING.

CHERISH ideals as the traveler cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

The sea drowns out humanity and time. It has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity; and of that it sings its monotonous song for ever and ever.

O. W. HOLMES.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

R. W. EMERSON.

A WINTER ARTIST.

JACK FROST is a wonderful fellow,
And he wields a magical brush;
Such beautiful delicate pictures
As he paints in the midnight hush!

When we are soundly sleeping,
And are dreaming of Summer time,
This artist is busily painting
With only a brush and some rime!

He covers our chamber windows
With pictures pretty and quaint,
And many a sweet old fancy
No Summer artist could paint.

There are crumbling old-time ruins,
And castles with turrets and towers,
And dainty angel faces
That smile from the setting of flowers.

There are dim and shadowy forests,
Where never birdling sings:
Bright pictures of fact and fancy
This wonderful artist brings.

He whitens the upland and meadow,
He fringes the fern plumes with pearls;
He silvers the gnarled old tree trunks,
O'er the brook a mantle he hurls.
Scattered Seeds.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHEN THE BLIZZARD ROARED.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

Part I.

CARL PETERSON had been working on the Thurston Ranch for over a year. He had faithfully cared for the horses and stock in the long winter. He had done all the other work which had been set before him by even some slight suggestion of the farmer whom many of the people in the neighboring prairie village thought at times to have such a stern look.

And, when the spring came on the wings of the Chinook winds, which melted the snow on hillock and coulée, as if it had been so much wax, Carl listened eagerly to all the plans for putting in the crops. His hands moved restlessly as if they longed to lay hold upon wheat and seeder that very day.

He cried with a glowing face: "This snow water is all soaking straight into the ground. It does not prance down the prairie like a broncho, like it does in Masskussetts State, where I lived when I first came from Sweden with dear old mother. This means a big, sure wheat crop,—good oats and lots of flax to rustle his round heads."

"That would amount to something here in

North Dakota if any of it came true," quickly answered Mr. Thurston. "The crops have almost entirely failed in the last two years. If the sun and hot winds do not wither up things, the frost and hail are busy upsetting all the plans we make. And the crop near the house often goes first."

Farmer Thurston meant to say more; but, when he looked into Carl's honest blue eyes, he checked himself as he had often done before, and gave some orders about a piece of work for that afternoon.

Cool, cloudy days came after the wheat was up that spring, so that its roots took a firm, deep hold in the dark soil. Then followed grateful showers. Not a hail-storm darkened and battered Foster County all that summer. The frosts lingered far to the north until the crops were nearly harvested. And meanwhile the price of wheat and flax kept steadily advancing.

"And best of all," good Mrs. Thurston thought, when the last of the wheat was on its way to Minneapolis, and many times afterward, "husband has been so cheerful all summer, and so kind to the horses, too! Carl is a true Christian boy, and I hope that he can stay right along with us. And yet how he must want to see his mother!"

But it was some weeks after this that she heard Carl say that an important letter had come from his home.

"And you want to leave us when we are beginning to plan the spring's work, do you?" Mr. Thurston said, rather hotly. "Is she sick? And isn't your older brother at home to take care of her? And don't you know how soon a blizzard may rush down on us, even as late as this?"

"My brother is at home," said Carl, with none of the hope fading out of his face. "He cares faithfully for mother. She does not mention any sick thoughts. And she only says if I come some day her heart will be glad. But her heart will be full of missing my father just now. He got hurt in the Massachusetts stone quarry just this time of year, and the snow fell fast on his grave, and"—

"Who will take your place here?" asked Mr. Thurston, as if he had heard but a few words.

"Oh, John Burton. I didn't mean to ask him so hard that he would promise before I spoke to you—but"—

"Why, he's the best fellow for ten miles around. And he will come here if I let you go?"

"Yes," said Carl, honestly, "and I know he will do his best. He laughed so hard with his eyes when I told him I would give him something extra for all the days he helps you."

Mr. Thurston's eyes were full of merriment in spite of himself as he said, "I believe your ways will move anything but a blizzard. The air feels like one of those fellows lurking around. What if a big storm caught you before you got to Jamestown?"

"I could tell mother that I tried to get nearer her."

And then Carl knew that on the morrow he could start on his journey for Stillwater, Minn., and the waiting woman, whose cheery outlook on the ways of life he had so largely inherited.

The train was almost ready to leave the Melville station when John Burton drove Carl down to it the next morning. He bought his ticket and began his journey, though his friend had several times pointed out how the wind was rising, and that a hard storm was sure to sweep the prairies. John had only reached home when the train came to a sudden halt. Some of the passengers started from their seats as the sudden burst of the storm sounded in their

ears, like the howling of hundreds of angry beasts. Shrieks and wails now rose one above the other, or were strangely mingled together. The train trembled and quivered as if at any moment it might be hurled into the madly writhing snow beside the track. Those who were able to rub the frost a little from the window-panes seemed to be looking into a wall of mingled snowflakes. Certain death seemed waiting for those on the train.

"I told you so," growled a man as he turned upon Carl. "You Scandinavians are filling up this State that was meant for white folks. And we'll have no end of calamities till you all pack out of it. I shall be glad if I ever see Indiana again."

"Oh, you will see her all right," said Carl, as he hurried out as if only sunbeams were chasing each other over the prairies.

He was gone but a short time, but he came back to report as well as he could with his panting breath, "It is the snow-plough which is stuck in the drift ahead of us. It cannot be moved just yet. But we have plenty of coal for a long while. And, when a blizzard howls so at first, his breath will go out all the quicker."

This clear description of the situation, given with an assurance of escape from peril, gave cheer to all in the train. The scowling stranger, who had greeted Carl before, only said, "I hope that a certain Swedish blizzard will soon lose a little of his breath."

(To be continued.)

SWARM OF BEES.

*Be cheerful, be thoughtful,
Be happy, be kind,
Be busy of body, be earnest of mind,
Be truthful, be faithful,
Be firm and be true,
Be brave against evil whatever you do.
Be gentle, be careful,
Be bright and be sweet,
Be honest, be hopeful,
Be quick and be neat.*

Onward.

For Every Other Sunday.

GLIMPSES OF SANTA FÉ.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

STANDING on the lofty mesa of old Fort Marcy, looking down into the valley of the Rio Santa Fé, one becomes conscious that he is viewing the most ancient and picturesque capital within the limits of the United States.

Santa Fé, being fully interpreted, means "the city of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis." It is situated on the site of an ancient Indian pueblo, called "O-ga-p-ho-ge." Beyond all doubt, it is the oldest civilized community in our country, the early Spanish explorers having visited it, and introduced their religion among the natives, so far as they were able, before the founding of St. Augustine in the "Land of Flowers."

Like a piece of odd old pottery, Santa Fé rests in a saucer-shaped hollow of an extensive mesa at the base of the Sangre de Cristo Range of the Rocky Mountains. These heights approach within a mile of the town, on the east and north, encompassing it on almost every side, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem." Grand and imposing are they.

Santa Fé is seven thousand feet above the sea, while all around it rise the great Rockies. To the east, towering boldly and sentinel-like above the cacti-clad mesas and the piñon-

crowned slopes, is "Old Baldy," with snow-powdered crest, the highest peak in New Mexico, having an elevation of something more than twelve thousand feet. The cloud effects on Old Baldy are often marvellous, while the sunsets gilding opalescently the opposite cliffs and peaks are so gorgeous as to defy the pen of an author or the brush of an artist.

The place has a fine climate, if we except the little sand gales which occasionally go whirling up the streets, filling the pedestrian's eyes with particles of fine sand, and making him hang on for dear life to his raiment lest it and his body part company. The altitude insures dryness and purity, which render it a fitting resort for invalids with lung and throat affections.

Most of the buildings are made of adobe; and the streets, following Mexican style, are narrow and winding. About half the population is Mexican, and the tourist can go in no direction without meeting women always draped in heavily fringed black shawls and swarthy-faced men with the ever-present sombrero of umbrella-like brim.

Daily, too, may be encountered on the streets or crooked roadways leading into Santa Fé, Indians of the Pueblo family in native dress, which consists of fringed buckskin leggings, the inseparable bright-hued blanket, and some peculiar head-gear. He is usually driving two or four burros, with wood strapped to their much-enduring backs, to peddle about the town. Or he and his companions may be bringing in a stock of cactus canes, baskets, or pottery of their own odd fashioning, to cater to the demands of the curio shops.

Within easy reach by railroad or other mode of transportation are the cliff-dwellings, where the ancestors of some of these fantastically clad venders, who are rapidly catching a Yankee skill at driving a bargain, once dwelt, and made for themselves strongholds of defence against the roving savages of the plains. These Indians, however, now live in pueblos, which may be easily visited from Santa Fé, especially the pueblos of Tesugue and Nambé.

Many of these pueblos are so old that they antedate the discovery of America by Columbus, and the visitor may find there objects and customs of curious interest. The manner of life in these Indian villages, fixed by their religion and traditions, has changed very little with the great strides made in modern improvements in the outside world. In many respects, what they were six centuries ago they are to-day.

There are numerous points of historic interest in and around this old, old town. The oldest dwelling in the United States is here; and this dilapidated adobe structure furnishes a burrow-like habitation for a family that may or may not boast a direct descent from Methuselah. Near by the ancient house is the old San Miguel Church, an adobe building, consecrated to the Holy Faith before the plucky Pilgrims planted their feet on Plymouth Rock. On its dingy, dusty walls hang sacred paintings, pierced by the arrows of warlike Indians, for this ancient temple of worship once served as a citadel. Almost levelled to the ground during a stubborn siege, its walls were again raised by the devout Marquis de la Penuela. A record of his pious preservation of this sacred edifice may be read in quaint letters carved upon a beam which spans the western side of the building. In its chapel is a copper bell made in 1350.

The plaza in the heart of the town is a resort for fashionable promenaders and a resting

retreat for the weary. The plaza has historic connection with the Spaniards, Onate and De Vargas, who made triumphant marches over this very ground in the years 1591 and 1693, respectively.

Opposite the plaza is "The Palace," an ancient adobe building whose walls are several feet in thickness. This edifice has peculiar historical associations, and is more than two centuries old. It derives its name of "The Palace" from the fact that it was formerly the residence of the viceroy of New Mexico. Behind those thick, low walls regal state once held sway; and the proclamations that were issued from there were laws to the inhabitants of this Territory. It extends the entire length of the north side of the plaza, and has afforded offices for governor and other Territorial officials. It was in one of the apartments of "The Palace" that the finishing touches were given to that great story, "Ben-Hur," by its author, General Lew Wallace, who was at that time the chief executive of New Mexico.

The mesa upon whose summit old Fort Marcy was erected by the American army, under General Kearney, in 1846, commands a fine view of the ancient capital. The Pueblos first used this elevation as a military point when they revolted from Spanish rule in 1680. After besieging the town nine days, they drove the enemy out. It was at that time that the old San Miguel Church was destroyed by the victorious Pueblos.

Santa Fé has several points of interest for the tourist. Chief among these may be mentioned the "Old Curiosity Shop," where everything strange in Indian and Mexican make may be seen or bought,—rare old works of art in the missions; the archbishop's famous garden; the monument to the pioneer pathfinder, Kit Carson; the public institutions, such as the Territorial penitentiary, New Mexico's deaf and dumb school, St. Michael's College, Presbyterian Home Mission School, United States Government Indian School, and the Ramona Indian School, founded in memory of Helen Hunt Jackson.

CHICKADEES.

CHICK-CHICK-A-DEE-BEE! Saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good-day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

CUDDELEKINS AND THE WOLF.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

CUDDELEKINS had climbed to his mother's lap, and was resting his tired little head against her shoulder. Mother's lap is such a safe place for a little boy after wild beasts have been chasing him.

Cuddlekins reached up his arms and clasped them tightly about his mother's neck, and mother held her little boy close, for way off in the corner there was a fierce wolf. Last night there had been a bear.

The bear had caught Cuddlekins the night before, and nearly hugged him "to def," Cuddlekins declared.

To-night, when the menagerie opened, Cuddlekins begged to have it "real dark." So the gas was turned off, and only the light from the flames shooting up out of the logs in the fireplace showed the crouching figure in the corner.

Cuddlekins could see its eyes shining in the

darkness, and could hear it snarl and growl as the little boy crept nearer to its lair.

How this made Cuddlekins' flesh creep! For any moment, you know, that fierce, angry beast might pounce upon him and "mos" shake him to "def."

How dark it was, too! Just like the woods at night! Sparks shot up from the blazing logs and sent a ray of light out to the corner where crouched the hungry wolf. Cuddlekins supposed that he must be hungry,—wild beasts generally are.

He wondered if wolves were as strong as bears and lions. He was just going to ask his mother, when out from the darkness sprang the terrible monster.

Cuddlekins screamed, and threw him the cookie he was eating. With a snarl the wolf seized and devoured it: then he was ready for Cuddlekins.

Round and round the room they ran. Chairs were overturned, and rugs were used by Cuddlekins to protect himself from the snarling wolf.

Again Cuddlekins screamed and begged for mercy. The wolf raged and tore at the rug beneath which he was hiding. And then for a moment there was silence, while the wolf crept back to his lair to wait until he could find a little boy who was not covered up with a rug: he did not like to wear out his fangs on rugs,—he liked flesh better.

When Cuddlekins was pretty sure that the wolf was back in the dark corner, he threw off the rug and tip-toed across the room until he got near, oh, very near, to his enemy: then the chase began again.

When mother thought that her little boy would not be able much longer to evade the cruel beast, she opened her arms and said, "Come," and a very tired little boy said to the monster in the corner, "Good-night, papa: be a lion to-morrow night." And, almost before papa could answer him, Cuddlekins was asleep.

For Every Other Sunday.

DUMPLE.

BY NOVELLA ROUNT REYNOLDS.

DUMPLE was a pony,—a hardy little Shetland of unquestionable pedigree, with long, wavy mane and tail, and eyes as soft and bright as a fawn's.

Dumple's home was in Wellington, England, and he lived long before our girls and boys were born,—away back in the sixties.

Hughie and Maud both claimed him from the time they were babies and had chubby fist fights across his fat back until they were old enough to ride alone.

When Maud was a year and a half old and Hughie over two, nurse took them out in panniers, not in a cart or carriage like the children have now, but large baskets swung over the back of the pony. Each child sat in his own basket while the nurse led Dumple along the streets, often allowing him to stop and crop off tender bits of green that grew by the side of the village walks.

When the children grew old enough to climb into the saddle, they took turns in riding about the park and fields. Dumple was as frolicsome as a kitten, and Hughie taught him to jump and show off his high spirits, to the delight of little Maud.

One day Hughie and Maud concluded they would rather drive than ride that day, and, as nobody was looking after them (the governess having told them they might play in the rose garden while she attended to some duty in the

nursery), they put their heads together to find something Dumple could pull.

Now what do you think they did?

Old John, the gardener, had left his wheelbarrow under one of the rose bushes, and Hughie decided at once that it would make a first-class cart. But first they must have a harness.

They took a trip to the stable garret, and among a lot of rubbish found some gaily colored ribbons the coachman had thrown there after some festive occasion, some straps and buckles, and a few pieces of discarded harness. These they took to one of the garden seats, and before long had completed the outfit.

Dumple had left off grazing in the meadow and was looking over the low wicket gate ready for anything that pleased his young master.

When all was done they left the garden, dragging the many-colored harness after them, and, catching Dumple, adjusted it to his slick sides and tied the ribbons to the bridle reins. This seemed all that was necessary now for the drive down the smooth lane leading into the meadow, so Hughie gave the ends of the ribbon to Maud to hold while he got the cart. Between them they backed Dumple into the handles of the barrow, and such buckling and strapping you never saw, until he was tied fast to old John's wheelbarrow.

"Now stand still, Dumple," coaxed Hugh, "and we'll get in. Come on, Maud." He reached out his hand to his sister like a young knight, but Maud held back. "Hughie," she said doubtfully, "there's dirt in the cart, and if I soil my frock, Miss Dexter will scold." The remains of dark rich earth left on the sides of the barrow was there sure enough.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Hughie, "girls ought not to have frocks, they are a nuisance. Wait, I'll get you a robe for the chariot." And off he rushed around the house and into the kennel where he snatched a rug one of the servants had put there for the comfort of an old pet. This he spread over the barrow, and, helping Maud in, took a seat by her side. "Gee up, Dumple," he shouted, "gee up," at the same time giving the ribbons a hearty shake.

Now Dumple was not used to having clumsy handles whack his legs at every jump, and, before he got very far, became really frightened, and, kicking out both heels, dashed off down the meadow. The barrow went backwards like a railroad dumping cart, throwing the children all in a heap. The soft grasses kept the fall from hurting them; but poor Dumple's heels had to be bound up for a week afterward, and old John had to go out and buy a new wheelbarrow, for the old one was in a half dozen pieces.

The children were very sorry when the mischief was done, and did not complain when Miss Dexter ordered them off to bed with the promise of extra tasks next day; but Maudie called from her bed in one corner of the nursery:

"Dumple can't pull, can he, Hughie; but he can take us on his back when his heels get well."

WORLD'S LARGEST TREE.

DURING the month of August, 1902, there was discovered in the Sierras, east of Fresno, Cal., the biggest-known tree in the world. It was later visited by John Muir, the naturalist, who reports that its circumference at the base is one hundred and nine feet, or a diameter of thirty-six and one-half feet. At four feet above the ground the circumference was ninety-seven feet. This tree is considerably larger than "General Sherman" and "General Grant," the two which heretofore were the recognized monarchs of all "Big Trees."

For Every Other Sunday.

JUNE TIME.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

A SONG, a song, of the open path
That leads to the house of June.
O boy and girl, what a charm it hath
With its waysides all in tune!
A song, a song of the merry throng,
Of children leading the way along.

A song, a song, of the glad of heart
That make all the June-ways fair.
O children, you have the sweetest part
Of all in the free June air;
For you, for you, with your hearts in tune,
Are sunbeams filling the House of June.

For Every Other Sunday.

A BED-TIME STORY.

BY LUCY A. WEBSTER.

GOOD Nurse Martha had tucked little Rob in his snowy bed, blown out the candle, and gone down stairs.

Rob lay very wide awake, for the moonbeams came in through the window and lit up the room. The room seemed so quiet and—lonely; yet it was a pretty room, with blue walls, and the pink roses in the frieze looked as if they had clambered up the walls of themselves.

"It is just like being asleep with the blue sky all around," thought Rob. "I wonder if it is lonesome to sleep outdoors." And then, turning on his pillow, he fell to looking through the window up at the sky.

Presently a little star winked knowingly at him, as much as to say: "I understand. Just close your eyes, and I will keep watch while you go to sleep."

Then another and another, and presently dozens were winking at him, while the motherly moon smiled benignly upon him. "We are all your body-guard," Rob thought they were saying.

Presently the dream-man had taken Rob with Mary and John and Frances over on the hillside to gather nuts on a glorious autumn afternoon.

In the midst of it all the morning sunbeams came through the window, and Rob sat up in bed, blinking his eyes.

"Mother," said Rob at breakfast next morning, "isn't it nice to have the stars for company at bed-time?"

"Yes," said mother, for she remembered the time when she was a little girl and slept alone, "and God is so good to us that He always gives us something to cheer us; and we need never feel lonely nor afraid."

For Every Other Sunday.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

BY SUSAN B. SCOTT.

TOPSY is a Texas girl, twelve years old. Sinclair, her brother, is nine; and Tiny, their pretty little sister, is four.

I had heard Tiny talking for two weeks before Christmas about a wheelbarrow she had been wanting Santa Claus to bring to her on Christmas.

Christmas morning came, and the little wheelbarrow stood in the dining-room waiting for Tiny to discover it. The evening before I had heard Sinclair say that, when he opened his Christmas bank, he found that he had 65 cents, and he had spent every penny for fireworks. People celebrate Christmas here in Texas as you do the Fourth of July in the North. Topsy said that she opened her bank



ALL KINDS OF DAISIES

and found 50 cents, and she knew that Tiny wanted the wheelbarrow, so she spent it for that.

Christmas morning came, and Tiny found her one wished-for present. She clapped her hands and shouted, "Who gave it to me?" And Topsy said, "Santa Claus brought it to you, Tiny."

This unselfishness was a little more than Sinclair could understand; and he said, "Yes, Tiny, but Topsy told him to do it."

I DIDN'T THINK.

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
From want of willing heart;
But there's a sly woe-working elf
And sure dismay he brings away,—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite;
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone,—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting-place.
If from that great unselfish stream
The Golden Rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
To say, "I didn't think."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

We are no longer happy as soon as we wish to
be happier.
LANDOR.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim fathers—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the "Mayflower" moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the
gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name,—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now;
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When the summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure
dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim's spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore
Till the waves of the bay, where the "Mayflower"
lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

For Every Other Sunday.

LORA.

BY MARION STUART WONSON.

G WEN had wanted a kitten.
"Bertie," she would say piteously,
slipping her hand into mine, "don't
you suppose any of Snippets' kittens are alive
in this big world?"

Snippets had been our family cat for fourteen
years,—ever since Theo was a baby,—and, now
that she had died, all we Ellerslies missed her
sorely.

Gwen couldn't be consoled. "I want Snip-
pens or else one of her children," she would say
in her tired little voice. "Can't Lance find
me one of Snippets' children?"

Gwen thinks Lance can do anything, and it
hurt him to disappoint her. He actually
spent two afternoons inquiring into the geneal-
ogy of the neighbors' cats, but quite in vain.

Then Lora took it up, and, because she was
Lora, we weren't any of us very much surprised
when she marched into the school-room with a
yellow ball tucked under her arm.

"It's Snippets' grandson," she said, and Gwen
took it to her heart at once, naming it Brownie
because I wanted her to. Then she coaxed me
to christen it, and I wondered why Lora looked
cross.



THE MANGER—HONTHORST

That afternoon I went skating, and I was so
long in getting back that it was quite dark
when I turned into Peach Street, where we live.
When somebody touched my shoulder, I turned
about sharply.

"Wait a minute, Cuthbert," said Lance's
voice.

Then I knew something was up, because of
his tone and his using my full name. "Is any
one hurt?" I cried, "or sick?" For I thought of
Gwen right off, she being the weakest of us.

"Not one of the children, Bertie," Lance's
voice was trembling as it does when he is sorry
for us. "Did you feed Zip before you went off?"

Zip was my canary,—the dearest little bird!—
and a gift from mamma just before she went to
Heaven. He had been her own, and ever since
I promised her to care for him, I had loved
Zip next to the rest of us.

"I'm sure I did," I answered Lance. "I've
never missed feeding him since." I pressed
Lance's hand because I knew he'd understand.

To my surprise he drew his arm so tight
around my neck that my head came down on
his shoulder, and then he began to speak very
fast as if he were afraid to stop.

"She understands, little brother, and we are
all her children. Oh, Bert, Lora has let Zip
out of his cage and lost him."

"I think I was stunned at first, for Lance had
to repeat his statement before I fairly under-
stood him. Then I gripped his hand so hard it
must have hurt.

"Lancelot Ellerslie," I cried, "did Lora do
that on purpose?"

Lance's voice was very low. "Remember,
Bertie, be generous and forgiving—Lora did
do it on purpose."

Never before that minute had I felt that I
had a real enemy, and the strangest feeling went
over me as if the world were turning round and
round with just me and my enemy on it.

"It was because of Gwen's kitten," went on
Lance. "Lora was jealous because Gwen named
it as you wished. Even Theo says she was blind
about it or she would have appeased Lo's jeal-
ousy in some way. As it is"—he broke off

shortly, and without another word we walked
up the street in the darkness.

I'm not quite as young now as I was then, and
I've had some other hard things come to me;
but I know I never felt as bad as I did the night
that followed.

"Most always I'd fall asleep in the mid-
dle of a worry, but this was different. I tossed
and turned until I made Ken restless too, but
just at dawn a new thought came to me. It
was mamma's bird as well as mine. If she had
forgiven Lora,—and I knew she had,—wasn't
I just the meanest sort of a boy to hold out any
longer?"

I crept out of bed so as not to wake Ken, and
stood and watched the sun come up. Some-
how I felt quieter than usual. Then I dressed
and went downstairs.

Lance and Theo were in the school-room,
and Lance heard me and called me in.

I was quite inside before I saw that Lora was
on the school-room couch. Her eyes were red
with crying; and, when she saw me, she turned
over and couldn't say a word.

Lance took my hand and led me over to the
couch. "Lora must ask Bert's forgiveness,"
he said; "I think she has found out already that
the way of the transgressor is hard."

I didn't mean to make Lora disobey Lance,
but such a feeling of pity came over me that
I stooped down and put my arms around her.

"I do forgive you, Lo," I said, though my
voice trembled. "You didn't know what you
were doing."

I was afraid I should make a muf of myself
if I stayed in the school-room any longer, so I
bolted out of it and into the hall, and then I
heard the pater open his door and call, "Theo-
dosia."

Now this is the strangest part of the story,
and I have never gotten over being awfully glad
that I forgave Lora before I dreamed of what
was coming.

When Theo came out of the study, her eyes
were shining. "Bertie, Lance," she called, and
we both followed in her.

The pater was standing with his arms on the

mantelpiece, looking down at a little basket set on the study table.

"Cuthbert," he said very kindly, "I am grieved that you should have had to suffer, but almost miraculously what appeared irrevocable was not so." And, putting his hand into the basket, he lifted up—what in all the wide world but my dear little yellow Zip?

I honestly thought I was dreaming. I looked at Theo, I looked at Lance, and then back again to the pater; but they were smiling at me so happily, I thought it must be true.

Then the pater began to explain. "Last night about ten o'clock I heard a mewling at the side door. I unlocked the door to see what it meant, and there on the threshold stood a yellow kitten. Held firmly in her teeth by one wing was a tiny canary.

"I thought at first it was dead; but, when I felt the quivering little body, I realized it was still alive. I carried it into the kitchen and warmed it, forcing a little nourishment down its throat, and by and by I was rewarded by seeing two eyes peeping at me gratefully. Then I brought it in here and made a bed in a basket, not dreaming that the bird had belonged to Beatrice. I think it is quite safe now."

I forgot Theo and the pater and looked straight at Lance, with a queer lump in my throat.

"She will be so very, very glad!" I said, and then I kissed Zip and went out to tell Lora about it.

For Every Other Sunday.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY ANNA E. JACOBS.

"**M**ONDAY is washing-day all over the world, isn't it, mother?" asked Molly, as the two walked beside a foaming torrent of water at the foot of the Pyrenees Mountains, which are a rugged lot of peaks dividing France from Spain.

"It is here, anyway," said her mother, as they stopped to look at a group of French women kneeling in the stream scrubbing their linen, rinsing it in the same pool of water, and then removing some of the water by hitting the clothes with a wooden paddle against the smooth gray rocks.

"In some parts of Sweden and Germany the people have a yearly washing day," continued the mother; "but I think that the people must have a very large supply of clothes to last a year. But let's stand here and watch the women at their washing."

"My! I am glad I do not have to mend those stockings," whispered Molly. "They must wear out the linen dreadfully with the paddles."

As each woman finished her washing, she placed it in a basket shaped like a wicker umbrella-holder, whose top was four times as large as the bottom. This basket they strapped to their broad shoulders, and then marched with stately step to their little white-washed huts on the mountain-side.

"Oh! what is that across the valley?" cried Molly.

"I do not know, my dear."

A pretty young French girl, whose name was Roselle, glanced in the direction to which they pointed.

"That is a bundle of wood being taken across from one hill to another," she told them in very good English. "The men go to the hill at the left and cut wood, then tie it to a strong rope and draw it across the valley on a pulley, when a man at the other side takes it off and car-

ries it home on his back, and soon returns for more." And, dropping a pretty old-time courtesy, she, too, trotted off with her load of clothes.

"Let us follow and see where she takes them," suggested Molly.

A ten minutes' walk brought them to a small farm-house, with a ledge of rocks at the back; and there Roselle was spreading the clothes to dry on the stones.

She stopped and laughed, and, coming toward them, invited them into the kitchen to rest.

But such a kitchen!

The floor was made of clay, pebbles, and gravel, which was smooth because generations of feet had beaten it hard. At one end of the room was a wide, deep fireplace, with a crane hanging in it; and high up the chimney, they were told, hung great pieces of meat, to be cured by the dense smoke which arose when the many blocks of peat were burned.

Heavy beams ran across the ceiling four feet apart, and from a stout beam in the farthest corner hung a fat little pig.

"To-morrow the men will cut it up," explained Roselle, as she saw in what direction the mother and daughter were looking.

A bed was built into a niche in one side of the room, and at the foot a wide board reached from side to side of the high bed which served as a cradle for the baby; but what a hard sleeping-place it must have made for the child!

"What beautiful china!" exclaimed Molly's mother as soon as she had recovered her surprise at all she saw; "and pewter, too,—the real thing! Heirlooms, I know."

"Not a piece broken, either," said Roselle, proudly; "and it's all to be mine some day, too." "But here is some buttermilk," she added, as a quaint pitcher, brimming full of the milk, was brought to them from the cool buttery; and how refreshing it was on that summer's day!

For Every Other Sunday.

VALIANT JACK.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

THIS is a story about three things: a small boy, a pocket, and—something else. If I tell you what else, I may spoil the story.

Wait and see: it will tell itself.

Every boy has at least one pocket. Some boys have more, and they are always full.

Teddy's pocket was always full. You would laugh if I told you the queer things he stored away. I wish I could stop to tell you. The story is about that something else, so I must hurry on.

Every year grandpa saved a great many pumpkin seeds. They were put to dry on a shelf in the wood-shed.

Now that rogue Teddy was as fond of these seeds as any squirrel. He would bite into them for the sake of the flat, sweet kernel. You were pretty sure to find pumpkin seeds in that pocket.

Wherever grandpa went on the farm, Teddy trotted after.

If he came down the tallest ladder, he was sure to meet the small boy half-way up.

Let a field be ploughed, and Teddy got stuck in it once a day at least.

Before the corn was cut, the little man liked to run up and down the rows. He always got lost; and, of course, some one had to find him.

"I'm lost! I'm lost!" a voice would come

from the rustling stalks. "Please, find me! I can't find myself! I'm all lost!"

One day something fell from Teddy's pocket down between the corn rows. It lay on the ground for a time. The wind blew dust over it. Perhaps some heavy foot pressed it down into the earth. At any rate, there it lay, safe and sound, through a long, dark winter.

Spring came with its pattering rains. Summer followed, and all the time the corn pushed higher. But something else was there, too,—a green vine with big orange blossoms.

"I should like to rise a little higher in the world," said the blossom. "Corn, what do you see?"

"Oh, nothing," said the corn, "I'm too busy growing."

"But there must be something."

"Oh, yes—more corn and sky," replied the corn.

"I would like to see the sky better. May I climb up on you?"

"Not for one moment," cried the corn. "You were made to lie down, I to stretch and grow tall. Do not speak of this again."

"No, I will not," said the vine, meekly.

The bright blossom began to fade and fall away. Then was the vine sad.

"Why should this be?" it said to itself. "I loved my blossom even if no one else did."

But the vine was not alone, after all. When the blossom had died, a little ball was left. It grew every day in sun and rain. When the corn was ready to cut, there it lay—a big, golden pumpkin.

Grandpa came down into the field one day, Teddy at his heels.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said. "Isn't this a fine fellow?"

"Thank you," said the pumpkin, "it does me good to hear that. I didn't know I was what you call me."

"I think we'll take you home," went on grandpa. He cut the stem with his knife, and lifted the pumpkin.

"At last, I'm up in the world," said the pumpkin. "I didn't think this would ever come."

He kept his eyes open all the way to the barn. But has a pumpkin eyes? Have you never seen one in the corn laughing at you? How could it laugh without eyes and a mouth, too?

In the barn the ears of corn lay in heaps on the floor. "How are you, Friend Corn?" said the pumpkin. "You see, I have risen in the world."

"You think so," replied the corn, crossly, "but you just wait. They will make you into pies."

"I am sure I shall like it," said the pumpkin, bravely. "I shall like anything this kind old man does to me."

"We had a party last night," went on the corn. "It was just to strip off my husks. Now you will never have a party."

"I know it," said Jack, "but, never mind, something will happen."

"Do keep still!" said the corn. "You are so big, and your color makes me faint." So the pumpkin lay on the floor silent.

Grandpa soon came back with a big, sharp knife. In one little moment he had sliced off the top.

"Ow!" cried the pumpkin, "how queer I feel! But, then, it may be just as well to have a flat as a round head."

It did not end here. Grandpa began to scoop out the soft inside, and Teddy to pick out the big, flat seeds.

"Stranger and stranger," went on the pumpkin. "I feel less and less like myself. How will it be when the last bit is gone? It's all right, but these changes are very rapid."

At last only the empty shell was left.

"I am not myself," said the pumpkin. "Who am I then? If I am some one else, when shall I know it?"

But the knife was still busy. Teddy looked on while two big eyes were cut. A funny slit for a nose followed. Then came a wide, grinning mouth.

"It's beautiful!" shouted Teddy. "It's the best Jack-o'-lantern in all this world!"

"That's what I am, then—a Jack-o'-lantern. He says I'm the best in all the world. How can I bear such an honor?"

Even then grandpa was not quite through. He took the Jack into the house, and made a candle fast within him. He put in a cord handle so that Teddy could carry him. Teddy looked on in great joy. "I can't wait until to-night," he cried. "I'm sure I can't wait."

Jack-o'-lantern was set on the tall gate-post. The last bees buzzed around his orange-colored head in great wonder. They did not know what to make of him. The late birds were wiser, and the birds that stay all winter were still wiser.

"He is really fine," a blue jay said from the maple.

"Ho! ho! I'm not afraid of him, even with such a mouth." A little sparrow said this, and boldly perched on his head.

The Jack-o'-lantern would have blushed red for joy had he not been orange color. As it was, he grew warm and happy.

By and by the sun went down, and the stars came out. Grandpa took down the Jack-o'-lantern, and lighted the candle inside.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Teddy, "he's beautiful! See his great eyes and nose and mouth all fire!"

Such a time as the little lad had with his plaything! He chased Tim, the hired man, all around the yard. Tim played he was afraid, and screamed loud enough even to suit Teddy.

Teddy held Jack up at the kitchen door, and grandma jumped. "Oh, dear, me!" she cried. "What is that? Will it bite me?"

Then Teddy ran on the piazza, and tapped at the sitting-room window. Mamma was sewing by the big lamp. She, too, screamed and hid her face.

"Don't be 'fraid, mamma: it won't hurt," cried Teddy, his voice trembling a little.

Then mamma came out. When she found it would not hurt, she patted the Jack.

But the best thing of all was to come. Some big boys came by, each with a Jack-o'-lantern on a long stick. Teddy ran out with his Jack, and they all marched up and down shouting.

It was late when the tired but happy little boy was at last tucked in bed.

Jack sat on the gate-post looking at the stars.

"They really thought me fine," he mused, "and I've had a party after all. Every one's time is sure to come. Just wait and you'll be up in the world."

was in operation, and less than ten years from the opening of the first railroad in the world.

Colonel Henry Sargent, having invented a suspension railroad, solicited permission from the East Boston Company to make his experiment on their land. This was readily granted, although no great enthusiasm was felt for the invention, as it was supposed that the novelty of the affair would bring people across the ferry and make the island a place of resort.

The peculiarity of the road was that it had but one rail. The car was hung in the middle, and was kept in position by lateral wheels. The wags likened the affair to saddle-bags. The experiment met with but little success, and the trains were after a short time discontinued.

The incident is interesting, however, and all the more from the fact that a railroad on this plan, with a very slight modification, was proposed in 1881 for the projected elevated system in the Boston streets as something new under the sun.

For Every Other Sunday.

BESSIE'S NEW DOLL.

BY ANNIE LEWIS PINFOLD.

"WELL, little Bess, how did you like the Christmas-tree and Santa Claus?" asked "Auntie" Potter of the little seven-year-old maiden, who had come in from next door to stay awhile, as was her custom very often. She had brought her usual "stint" of patchwork and was seated on the hassock stitching away busily.

"I liked it very well, thank you, auntie," was the somewhat grave answer she gave.

"Auntie" Potter looked at her keenly over her spectacles.

"Let me see. It was your first Christmas in America, wasn't it?" she mused. "Didn't our Santa remember the little English girl, or what was the trouble?"

"Is there really a Santa Claus?" Bessie asked in her turn. "They told me about him, and we all hung up our stockings, and we did see such a lot of big tracks all over the snow on our roofs. But, do you know, auntie, they looked 'zactly like Uncle Potter's tracks, when he's got his big rubber boots on, only I don't see how he could get up there."

"Auntie" smiled as she remembered how busy "Uncle" had been early Christmas morning, and his great zeal in hunting up a long pole and cord.

"Uncle thinks too much of his neck to be prancing around on that steep roof," she laughed. "But was there anything in your stocking? That's the main point."

"Yes, candy 'n' apples 'n' popcorn, and on the big tree at the church we each had one present," was the cheerful assent. "Mine was a pretty velvet bag with colored worsted in it."

"Did you expect more?" auntie queried, still keeping to the idea that something had gone awry with her little favorite.

"No, mamma told us that papa had had such hard work to earn enough to feed us all in this country that she could not give us very much. And she told us Santa Claus had so many little folks to visit that we must not expect him to do a great deal for us," Bessie said, then added as an afterthought, while she very carefully fastened off her thread:

"I did wish, though, he'd brought an extra doll with him."

"Why, yes, to be sure, you haven't any dollie, you blessed child," was auntie's sympathetic

exclamation. "Too bad that Santa Claus didn't think of you."

"But I didn't want it for myself," Bessie hastened to explain. "Nellie has never had a doll yet, and she is almost four years old. I had lots of dolls before then 'cause papa wasn't poor then, and everybody used to give me dollies."

The patchwork fell from the pink pinafore to the floor unheeded, as Bessie's dimpled hands were clasped over her knee. Her gaze, apparently on the pine woods over the hill tops, was in reality fixed on the treasures of her "dear departed past."

"They gave me Arabella the day that I was four years old," she continued. "She was such a lovely doll, as tall as I was, and she had real yellow curls and eyes that shut; and cousin Polly dressed her just like a real live little girl. She was the best dolly I ever saw."

"Whatever became of the darling?" asked auntie.

"Uncle Ben's dog Gip—he—he eat her all up 'cause he was jealous of her and me when we went to visit them before we came here. I left her on the sofa and he pulled her down on the floor and chewed her into little bits," was the tragic story.

Auntie hastened to change the current of her little friend's thoughts by the suggestion that perhaps Sister Nellie might be pleased with a rag doll.

"You could make one for her if you did not care for one yourself. I'll help you cut and make it, and you'll see what a fine one we can make if we try."

"I don't think I'd want a rag doll, 'cause I've had Arabella," Bessie gravely reflected. "But Nellie never had any dollie, so I'll make her one."

Days of careful, patient work under "Auntie" Potter's supervision resulted in a rag doll that was truly a pretty and attractive "little girl." It was hid in Nellie's bed where she would find it as she went to bed.

"Bless her dear little heart," said Mrs. Potter to her husband the next day. She was wiping the mist from her glasses as she spoke. "It is a treat to see how much pleasure she takes in seeing Baby Nell play with her rag doll. Never a thought that she hasn't a doll herself."

"She shall have one," said uncle; and that night he went to the village.

"I'll carry the light up for you to go to bed, Bessie," said her mother a night or two later.

Sleepy Bessie halted in the middle of her room, rubbing her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming already. On one pillow Nellie's golden curls fell lovingly over "rag" Judy, on the other was a pretty china doll, dressed in white with pink ribbons, whose arms were stretched out appealingly to the little girl.

She turned and whispered to her mother:

"Whose dollie is that?"

"There's a paper pinned on her dress," said her mother. "I wonder if that will tell us anything about her."

"For the little girl who wanted a dollie for her sister, but did not ask for one herself," Bessie read with trembling tones. "Mine, mamma?"

Bessie's doubts were dispelled by the sight of "auntie's" smiling face behind her mother's, and the doll was eagerly clasped to the hungry little heart.

"I love her better than even Arabella," Bessie confided to auntie a day or two later, "'cause you see I'd been without a doll so long that I knew just how to 'preciate this one."

For Every Other Sunday.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

EAST BOSTON was, in 1834, the scene of a novel experiment in railroading.

This was in the very infancy of the railroad system, when as yet neither the Worcester nor the Providence Railroad, chartered in 1831,

*Milton saw not, and Beethoven heard not;
but the sense of beauty was upon them, and they
fain must speak.*

RUSKIN.

For Every Other Sunday.

SEA HORSES.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

QUEER horses they are. Most of them are only a few inches long, and the largest are not more than two feet. They live in those portions of the oceans where the weather is always warm.

They have no legs. But not many animals that live in the sea do have legs, for they do not need them. They can swim more easily than they could walk.

A sea horse has no mane, and its tail is not at all like that of an ordinary horse. In fact, these little horses are about as unlike other horses as any two animals could be unlike. It has a pocket on the lower side of its body, and in that it carries its young ones.

The name "sea horse" is not really a correct name; for the tiny creatures that bear that name are not horses, but fishes. They do not look much like any other kind of fish, though, and their odd name was given them because their head and neck are shaped somewhat like a horse's.

There are other animals, and plants, too, that have names which do not fit them any better than the sea horse's fits it. Guinea pigs are not pigs at all, but are near relatives to rats, and prairie dogs are not really dogs. Calla lilies are not true lilies, neither are lilies of the valley. So all these names are false.

Many people, too, have names which describe them no better. Some boys named Frank are not frank, but sly; and girls named Anna are not all so gracious or pleasant as the name implies. Not all the Esthers are of happy disposition, although that is the meaning of the name; and there are Andrews who are not manly. The Deborahs are not always so industrious as the bees, for which they are named; and I know a Hiram who sometimes does dishonorable things, though his name means noble.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor has been asked to publish a word for the scholar-side of the question. So much is written about the teacher, the teacher's troubles, the teacher's rights, the teacher's devotion, a pupil wants to know if something cannot be said, and ought to be said, in behalf of the class. And the Editor has persuaded this scholar, a bright lad, to tell his story. It runs this way:—

"Some teachers are just about right, and some aren't. Some teachers are always complaining. They are fussy. They are nervous and cross. When they don't feel well, have a headache, or, when the weather is a little rough, they stay away, and we are all broken up.

"Then they don't get their lessons any more than we do. If the talk runs out, we sit waiting for the superintendent's closing bell to ring. Their hearts don't seem to be in it, or their heads either."

Now our young friend had to own up that, so far as he knew, most Sunday-School teachers were not of this kind. He happened to come under one not quite up to the mark.

That is the case in the public school. Not all teachers there are amiable, faithful, patient,

devoted. We believe in the Sunday-School teachers, and, that being so, we can with good grace urge them to put themselves often in the place of the scholars. Think how little help they have at home in preparing lessons; think of the absence of parental pressure to attend; think of the young life, taxed heavily during the week by studies; think of the often dry character of the Sunday-School subjects, and, thus thinking, add to this knowledge patience, and to patience-sympathy.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

22. What was the occupation of the author of the third Gospel?
23. What was the business of Matthew?
24. Where is the parable of the Ten Virgins found?
25. What did Jesus say about the Sabbath?
26. Two writers of the Gospels were coworkers with Paul: which were they?
27. Who was chosen by the eleven disciples to take the place of Judas?
28. Where does James, in his Epistle, define the difference between a "doer" and a "hearer of the word"?

Answers

To questions published Dec. 17, 1905.

15. The blossoming of Aaron's rod. (Numbers xvii.)
16. (a) The victory of the Jews over their enemies when Esther was queen. (b) Yes.
17. Paul. (Romans viii. 8.)
18. Haggai and Zecharai. (Ezra v. and vi.)
19. Ezra and Nehemiah.
20. (a) Ezra was priest, and Nehemiah was governor. (b) Ezra caused the Jews to observe the laws of their religion more closely. Nehemiah looked after the repairing of the walls of the city.
21. Psalm cxxxix. 9, 10.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA XI.

I AM composed of 17 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, is not yours.

My 2, 3, 12, 4, 9, is the head of an abbey.

My 11, 13, 14, is a contraction of over.

My 1, 4, 10, is a small piece of land.

My 3, 2, 6, 7, is a house for horses.

My 17, 11, 9, is opposite of cold.

My 16, 8, 6, 7, is a common grain.

My 11, 7, 15, 4, 7, is a garden vegetable.

My 5, 6, 7, is a large vase.

My whole is found in the Old Testament.

SUMNER CRISSEY.

HOUSE PUZZLE.

I AM to slay. Change my first letter, and I am part of a house.

I am a rude person. Change my first letter, and I am part of a house.

I am to take with the hands. Change my first letter, and I am part of a door.

I am a high man. Change my first letter, and I am part of a house.

I am on the foot of a horse. Change my first letter, and I am part of a house.

Selected.

CHARADE.

ANY large body, my first we may call,
It is deemed a most solemn rite;
My next's the beginning of anarchy,
The end is not clear to the sight;
My third's an opprobrious epithet,

It might be applied to some;

My whole was a stain on history's page,
Stout hearts were with horror o'ercome,
With dark ages alone could it be classified;
Think of Armenia, before you decide.

REBECCA STUART.

WHO AM I?

I AM seen in the West and felt in the East;
You'll find me wherever there's pleasure or feast;
In the evening I'm present and ready for tea;
With dinner or breakfast I always make free;
I am constant at chess, piquet, or écarté,
Though you never will meet me at ball or at party;
A gentleman cannot be seen without me;
A sailor will find me whenever he's at sea;
A school-boy will catch me at cricket or race,
And at Epsom or Derby or Leger I've place.
Now, surely by this my name you can tell,
Unless that, like truth, I am hid in a well.

* SQUARE WORD.

OPPOSITE of go. To leave out. The place where money is coined. A girl's name. KATY SNELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 9.

ENIGMA X.—A Book of Song and Service.

A CONUNDRUM.—An old shoe.

CHANGED MEANINGS.—Buoy, boy. Steel, steal. Whole, hole. Meet, meat. Bred, bread. Feat, feet. Waist, waste. Read, reed.

RIDDLES.—I. The alphabet. II. Nothing.

Ruth Ellicott, Baltimore, sent in a correct answer to one of the puzzles in No. 9.

THE SNOWFLAKE.

It was a little snowflake
With tiny winglets furled;
Its warm cloud-mother held it fast
Above the sleeping world.
All night the wild wind blustered
And blew o'er land and sea;
But the little snowflake cuddled close,
As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold, gray morning,
And the great cloud-mother said:
"Now every little snowflake
Must proudly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing
Till it finds a place to alight;
For I must weave a coverlet
To clothe the world in white."

The little snowflake fluttered,
And gave a wee, wee sigh;
But fifty million other flakes
Came softly floating by;
And the wise cloud-mothers sent them
To keep the world's bread warm
Through many a winter sunset,
Through many a night of storm.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume. Publication is suspended in July and August.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

880. N. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON